



Xipe Totec

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XXXIV



*Coatlique*

THIS IS DEDICATED TO  
Coatlique, SHE OF THE  
SERPENT SKIRT, MOTHER  
OF THE GODS, HOLDER OF  
INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES  
WHOM I HAVE ONLY GLA  
NCED AT. "SHE GRANTED  
EVERYTHING WITH HER  
GENEROUS HANDS AND T  
OOK IT ALL BACK WITH  
HER IMPLACABLE CLAWS"

The problem is that mod  
ern people view ancient p  
ersonifications as person  
s; a mistake this manyfold  
becomes more fold everyday  
but that much more g  
raspable simultaneously



## XpE BtaC G r h d l l a F l a y e d O n e

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Sheepch Tohwtehc, a personification of self sacrifice, embodiment of plant, drying and dying, and from its dead flesh (seeds) giving life for New growth. this phenomenon is constant, an ever flowering display reinacted under many titles. i recognize & i feel & i understand as i can, something in me, my mind, is carrying out this process. things without titles or definitions, are making themselves known. everything we know, to the edges of our boundaries, built up like wax, that's all it is melting.

~~CONFIDENTIAL - SECURITY INFORMATION~~

ng. And after that  
self and agreed to  
it out and preached t  
ging them to take th  
e Holy War. When  
e people cried out  
*Deus vult!* ("God wi

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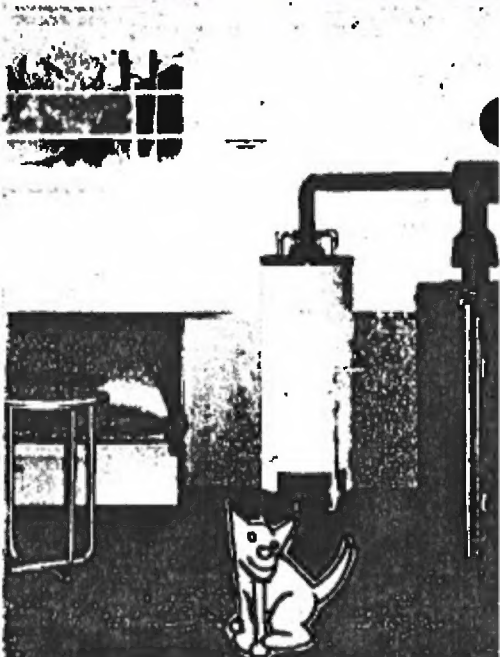
in finding myself splitting  
in two and one side archa  
as it is will clearly shriv  
el up and give birth to the in  
evitable but this dichotomy  
has each of its two ends spl  
it in two, dichotomy folded  
and its whole, the fourfold  
unfolding, I have flashbacks  
of my seed drying my tissues  
dissolving my baby bursting  
and consuming my body, but

ie people had taken  
gether, Pope Urban  
o the immense crowd,  
ie Cross and to join  
he had finished, all  
as with one voice:  
ils it!"). This was

~~none of this has happened,~~  
yet, I see a girl and she is  
playing with several million  
dollars. it was Dollars that she spo  
ke to, it was, "Reality" that  
she spoke of, ineptly. silly  
futile girl, here we all di  
ssolve and fill with feelings  
of erosion. As you fall apart  
reluctantly, I am tearing off  
my skin like an uncomfortable  
suit, into city where flesh falls





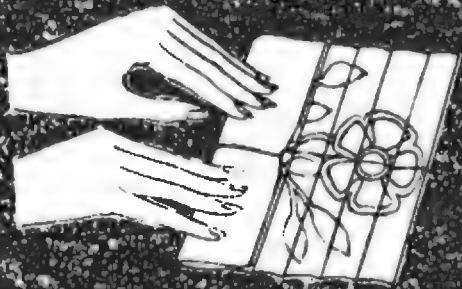


anothermusiclabel:

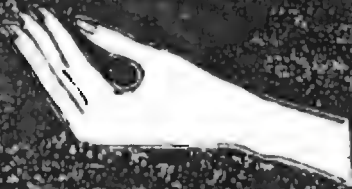
The plan to create a sanctuary for music, a table, a place to play, (and whatever else is possible) for people not interested in money or recognition or pointlessness, but just wanting music, for its own sake, to be able to play shows without giving asshole club owners cocaine money and new fancy cars, to be able to play Music instead of RockNroll or Pop or Punk or Jazz or Classical or Classified, but just play the instruments you want to play, with the people you want to play with playing whatever kind of music you want, without ostracization

the problems: i am currently moving (to Olympia) and don't have a place yet (or a job or enough money or an idea of what i'm doing) so i will be short on time and not have a location, but if you write to the address in here and write "FORWARD" on the envelope it should get to me. Lack of "participation" shouldn't be a problem as operations won't be based on profits, or on a populace to keep pushing in the same old direction: responsiveness and sensitivity are nutritive. The key is limitlessness, no restrictions, just a common glue of intent permeating every thing related. the in

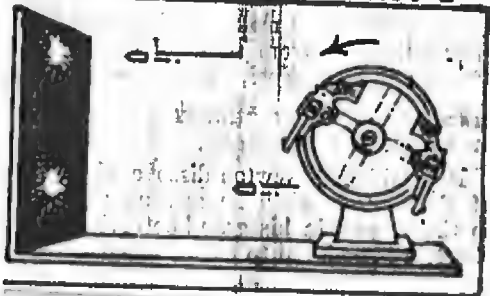
tent to assist decay  
on systems and struc-  
tures, social, politic-  
al, physical and othe-  
rwise, and the whole  
time promoting the r-  
esonance of Music, un-  
corrupted, unprocessed  
and definitely Uncouth.  
Facilitators of Eros  
ion, Makers of Growth.



Currently Available:  
"The D-Day Jihad B-Day  
Party" 90 minute comp  
ilation of Music una  
dulterated. The Corro  
sive potential of ac  
oustic instruments. C  
entrifugal evolution  
ary thought patterns.  
Send a 90minute tape,  
postage to send it b  
ack, spare change (hid  
den carefully or the  
postal workers will s  
teal your letter), or  
extra stamps or some  
thing.



i have a friend and we used to go  
garbage picking almost every d  
ay for a year or probably more  
and we found many wonderful ob  
jects and became adept at the  
art but what stays as the monu  
ment memory is FREEBIES  
Freebies consisted of garbage p  
icking starting around 10 or 11  
p.m. and taking anything even  
remotely valuable. If it is a  
good night, depot is needed (a h  
ouse or parking lot) and arou  
nd 1 or 2 am you get all you can &  
head to the Drop Off Point. We  
usually used a spot 30 feet  
from a big street next to a  
McDonalds right in front of  
the recycling bins where i



scratched "FREEBIES" in big letters which later rusted. Here, the set was made by removing all garbage and arranging it in a Theme setting, such as "Living room" or "Department Store" or "Toy Store" or "garbage dump" then get more garbage and restock. sometimes, by the time we would restock, some of the things would be missing, such as games or furniture, but sometimes it would just be messy and sort defacing like, but it was a nice time. I can't even remember how many times we did it. Freebie nationalists unite ...







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# STORIES

1. The universe enters in action.

Dehydrated burning embers packaged for a purpose not yet created into gravity is quietly emerging. A self-sustaining centrifuge, replicating and growing, breathes onward. The set scene dissolves. Each time I blink, it comes back, but weaker. A messenger knocks on the door, the scene sets up; Undefined house Nondefined messenger, fluttering message, being sent somewhere each time I blink, but c

oming closer each time  
How can pieces fall in  
place, visually, but dis  
assemble in every oth  
er sense, how can the  
message become clear  
r the least sense it  
makes. how cant i hold  
my eyes shut, always b  
linking. no extremes i  
s the extreme. The int  
ersections on the tan  
gled string. the linea  
r string is just a sh  
adow anyway. each dime  
nsion is just a lucky  
link, a shadow of that  
which proceeds it, us  
infants of the third  
cant look foeward or  
backward, but only her  
e, in our palms and wh  
atever we can put in  
them, a pile of pebble  
s, not knowing about o  
ther piles; not knowin  
g other than their pi  
le, of rubble. some gro  
w, the light show is f  
or the pebbles. the Mo  
vement is for the oth


ers with legs, and ide  
as for them, with hand  
s that carry more tha  
n manual dexterity be  
tween their fingertip  
s. the other land, the i  
nside people, squeezin  
g between cells and s  
ubatomic participles,  
effortlessly. the ones  
where air is a thing  
breathed, not sniffed,  
as the tiny fueling p  
ebbles have led thems  
elves and their other  
s into believing. The  
Movements are not the  
holders of things, bec  
ause they are only th  
e shadow of the thoug  
ht that the Walking B  
reathing had occuranc  
e with at one point i  
n time on the stunted  
idea of linear timeli  
ne thought procession  
parades. dehydrated, cr  
eated purpose not yet  
packaged in burning Embers

---




**JUST DO IT.**

Another Civilization.  
Another collection of  
collected dust between  
gusts of wind. Another  
er flashing delusion  
between blinking eyes  
(don't get caught up i  
n the details) Devotio  
n to the collection is  
the gravity that ho  
lds it together. The d  
ust that I stand in. v



vibrating, pulsating wo  
rlds, of different dus  
ts, permeate my floor,  
and cause me to stick  
to it. I'm flying under  
neath with my eyes cl  
osed. Pulsating move  
ments and moving vibrat  
ions. the liquids that  
fill my sponge, of fle  
sh partly here... is e  
verywhere. Stormteller

made a disgusting attempt at being Definitive, mocking viciously "Three things juxtaposition, for now" after racial contortions imitating "somebody else's pain." Dust: an interpretation, representation, on a different scale. What everything is, what it comes down to, that clump of dirt



is dust and it is just temporarily collected, but won't always be. Organizations, aka organisms, systems, are all temporary collections of Dust. Dust is made mobile through Evolution, the History of Man, or of Earth can be simply witnessed as dust being blown into clusters and blown ri

gnt back into the Wind  
Erosion: Beauty congeals  
is here. erosion can be  
seen as the Mover, Movement.  
This can be translated as Wind, Rain,  
Time, and hundreds of  
phenomenon we are familiar  
with, but they're all metaphors,  
not a transliteration. Erosion  
is Dance, salvation, but mostly  
Inevitable. Soil: The personification  
of Digestion. Erosion disassembles,  
deconstructs, while Soil digests,  
dissolves, at Everything simultaneous  
ly. to stare at soil is to die,  
staring only in the City Where  
Flesh Falls. Soil is humble,  
aggressive, shy and passive.  
Soil is the Plan. All of these  
cause Growth in their processes,  
or the reciprocal. it can only  
be seen as a simultaneous two-  
fold being, All Inevitable





**Nature of the Response**

Under The Sympto  
mweat the under  
disolve like  
everthing any  
way by as things  
congeal - find  
the catches again  
no catching the  
no catching the  
set of this  
cum on a  
paula  
try to  
will be  
Helen  
Sound in the  
lost in the  
Lion's head  
phenomena  
round here  
Your work is  
not mine you  
all the time  
a little alien  
the way lost  
head I'd  
all over  
HEADS on wall

The Garden o

I Am Not Comfortable  
 With Having My  
 Fear More Palpable  
 Than Pebbles Between  
 My Toes But It All  
 Comes Down To Why Wh  
 en It Feels So I'd Do  
 I Concentrate On Ex  
 tending Animals Or An  
 Other Person. I try  
 Moments Before I  
 Rise From  
 this Chair  
 call and som  
 ething and dirt  
 y in a not the  
 y land of  
 rolling wing  
 Plan and have be  
 en Cane I add  
 Inten on expe  
 d. D on to get  
 Lost Before Wel  
 eave You wish Not  
 Rot Properly Alone

f Live Flowers

IT COULD ALL BE DIFFERENT TOMORROW AS MUCH AS IT WAS YESTERDAY AND LAST WEEK YEARS DAYS AND MOMENTS ARE ALL SCALE MODELS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE SOLO



SELF IDEALS AND IDO  
LS ARE ALL SCALE MO  
DELS INDISTINGUISHA  
BCE TOMMOROW IS AN  
OTHER YEAR I BLINK  
IM BACK WHERE I WAS  
LAST YEAR ONLY A CO  
UPLE OF MOMENTS AGO





Recorded at *Dezile* studios®



DustErposton4I57 Ver



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